THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, December* 26, 1807. [No. 26.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

IN the Works of Sir William Jones, there is a speculation on the poetry of the Eastern Nations, which is not the least agreeable of the writings of that wonderful and versatile authour. This agreeable essay, which we have perused a hundred times with still renewing pleasure, first led us to the acquaintance of the Persian Hafiz, some of whose odes are certainly not much inferiour to those of Horace himself But Sir William Jones, who, according to his own account, was perfectly smitten with the beauties of the Oriental Muse, was not satisfied with celebrating her charms in one language. On this delightful topick he wrote a dissertation, with equal copiousness and elegance, in the *French* language. As this is not translated in the English edition, and as the original abounds in extracts from the Persian poets of the most fascinating character, we are extremely pleased to be the first to present, in an English dress, so interesting an article to our readers. The version is faithful and elegant, and the critick will be at a loss, which most to admire, the taste of Sir William or the invention of the Orientals.

A TREATISE

ON ORIENTAL POETRY.

The poetry of the Eastern nations is fertile in strong expressions, and bold metaphors, in sentiments replete with energy, and descriptions animated with the most lively colours. Notwithstanding these truths so generally acknowledged, this sweet and sublime poetry has found criticks as unjust as severe. Those among them, who have endeavoured to degrade the most conspicuous beauties into unjustifiable faults, have attributed them to ignorance, and inattention, to the flights of a deranged imagination and negligence in the distinction and arrangement of ideas. But since it is agreed by connoisseurs, that the works of the Asiatick authours are often admirable, the task of examining whence proceed these real beauties or these imaginary faults, is little necessary in this treatise. When a poet, to elocution and elegance adds ornament and grace, we cannnot refuse him the title of an excellent poet. Besides, it is well known, that authours, of whatsoever nation they may be, who have distinguished themselves by their lively and inventive genius, have neglected that scrupulous exactness, of which more moderate poets are so tenacious. The former have contented themselves with a general resemblance to each other, and have presented to the mind all that is grandest and most striking in nature, the affected regularity of the latter renders their pictures dull and inanimate, and causes the beauty of the outline to disappear under the minute detail of petty circumstances.

Without then entering in this place into an investigation, followed by all the causes, which give this surprising vivacity to the Oriental images, we

will content ourselves with speaking of the advantages the Asiatick authours possess over us in many points.

They have rich and plentiful idioms: they breathe in a warm and fertile climate: they are surrounded by objects as beautiful as cheerful: they enjoy an agreeable tranquillity: and they consecrate their leisure to a passion, which contributes to inspire them early with a poetical talent.*

The Arabian language is expressive, strong, and sonorous: we may call it the most copious of all languages: for each tribe of this nation has words which are peculiar to itself. Their poets make use† of all these words, which become of general adoption in proportion as the work, which collects them, becomes celebrated, as when many small streams, uniting, form a large and plentiful river.

The Persian language is full of sweetness and harmony, adding to the richness of its own basis, that of many words, which it has received from the Arabian language. It surpasses the latter in one beauty very essential to poetry, which is the use of compound words, to which the Arabians are so opposed, that they employ long circumlocutions to avoid them. In general, no idiom can enter into comparison with the Persian for the delicacy and variety of its compound words, of which we will quote a few, notwithstanding the difficulty that lies in translating them into another language: as, Gulfechan, strewing with roses; Zumrudfam, colour of emerald: Gulrokh, rosy cheeks; Semenbui, with the odour of jasmine: Guntcheleb with lips of roses.

We find in the Persian language many other similar words, but to which we can give no beauty in our European idioms, even in decomposing them, as we have just done with the above; although they possess a great deal of elegance in the Persian.

We may say, on the subject of the Arabian and Persian languages, what Lord Chancellor Bacon said of the Latin and Greek: the first of these two languages seems formed for civil and military pursuits: the second, for the cultivation of the arts: the details and exact distinctions of the arts and sciences requiring compound words, little necessary in what only regards war and the rules of society.

The second advantage, which the Asiatick authours have over us, to become good poets, is the easiness and variety of the measure they use in their verse. They have all the quantity and diversity of numbers, of which Hephestion speaks and Pindar gives the examples, with this distinction, that as they have more long than short syllables, they ordinarily substitute the grave and solemn for the lively and animated. The Persians, in their heroick poems, almost always make use of trochaick verse of eleven syllables, as,

Bè zebánchud ker che dared sád nuvá.

Their lyrical verses are often of the measure of a short followed by three long: as,

Bedéh saki mei báhi ke dér génnét
Mekháï yaft.

Rhyme is very ancient among the Arabs, from whom the Provençal and Castilian poets have received it, but in the Asiatick, it does not connect the sense as in the European verse, the idioms of this people being very full of words of the same termination. We find in some of the longest Arabian Poems the same rhyme continued alternately throughout the whole work. In many Persian odes, each distich finishes with the same word, and then the rhyme falls upon the penultimate syllable: as,

Saki beár badé ke amed zemáni gúl
Chan bulbulan nazul kunein icháni gul.

"Boy, bring the wine, for the season of roses has arrived,

* There is hardly an elegy, a panegyrick, or even a satire in their language, which does not begin with the complaints of an unfortunate, or the exultations of a successful lover.

† For the conveniency of their measure, and sometimes for their singular beauty.

"As well as the nightingales, let us repose on beds of roses."

It is, perhaps, as much owing to this easiness of Oriental versification, as to the heat of the climate, that Asia has produced younger poets than any other part of the world. They relate of the celebrated Abderrahman, the son of Hissan, that having been stung by a wasp, when he was an infant, and that insect being unknown to him, he ran to his father, complaining, "that he had been stung by an insect spotted with yellow and white like the border of his garment;" they add, that these words being pronounced in the measure of an Arabian verse as elegant as natural, Hissan discovered the talent of his son for poetry.

Tarafa, one of the seven poets, whose elegies were suspended on the walls of the Mosque of Mecca, gave at the tender age of seven years singular marks of his brilliant genius. They relate of him, that travelling with his uncle Motalammes, and their caravan having stopped to refresh itself on the banks of a clear rivulet, he amused himself with spreading snares to catch skylarks: but that not having taken any of them, when the caravan began to move, he composed, on this occasion, the following verses:

Thou enjoyest thyself, Oh, lark! throughout the extent of the plain;
Thou enjoyest a free air, sing then and multiply in safety:
Fly, and peck round about, all that thou canst desire:
The bird-catcher retires, do thou rejoice at his departure;
The snare is taken away, and thou hast nothing more to fear;
But, rather fear, fear always, for in the end thou wilt be taken.

It is also, without doubt, to the same causes we ought to attribute the facility and vivacity of the Arabs in their impromptus: the following story taken from a book called Succardan, is a proof of it—A poet, who followed the Court of Haroun Alraschid, having one day entered into the apartment of this prince, found him with one of his favourites, and a basket of roses placed before them. After a gracious reception, Haroun commanded the poet to compose a couplet, and to make in it some lively allusion to the colour of these flowers; upon which he replied:

Cainho louna khaddi mâchûki yakbelho
Fomoél habibi waka abda behi khogelan.

They resemble the cheeks of a beautiful maiden, which, at the approach of a lover, ready to ravish a kiss from them, are covered with a lovely blush.

The lady immediately answered:

Cainho louna khaddi hein yadfani
Cattò rashid leamri yougeb algostan.

They rather resemble my cheeks, when the hand of Alraschid presses my own, as a signal for me to retire.

These four verses are very elegant in the Arabick, but we have not translated the last words, because they make an allusion to a particular custom of the Mahometans little conformable to our ideas.

(*To be continued.*)

CLASSICAL LEARNING.

For The Port Folio.

(Continued from Page 386.)

The figurative speech of the Eastern Nations which arose from penury of proper phrases, as well as warmth of imagination, must have very early given rise to Poetry, and the Mythology, or traditionary History of their gods, opened a wide field to Fancy. We can trace this Mythology no higher than Homer, who has been considered as the oracle of succeeding ages, though it is evident that he was not the authour of it, but received it from earlier ages. Whether the Heathen Mythology arose from ignorance of the Oriental Languages, perversion of hieroglyphical writing, or from an impatient and heated imagination, is not agreed among the Learned. Perhaps all these causes contributed to its rise; but its existence is a most remarkable fact in the history of mankind. That savage and wandering tribes should forget their own origin, and the traditions, they once had of the origin of the world, is not surprizing; but that they should have substituted, in the room of ancient tradition, a system of ingenious and beautiful, though absurd, fiction, is truly astonishing. All nations, of whom we have any knowledge, have their Mythology, but that of the Greeks and Romans being much more ingenious than the rest, has been most celebrated and adopted, as an ornament of Poe-

try, even by those who have embraced other systems and religious creeds.

The Greeks and Romans, whose Mythology was the foundation of their religion, endeavoured to discover their own gods, under different names, among other nations, and to reduce the Mythology of Egypt, Asia, Germany, and Gaul, to their own standard, but as errour is infinite, whatever resemblance may appear in some circumstances, between the Mythology of different nations, there is no reason to believe, that they were derived from a common source.

A modern philosopher, Mr. Hume, is of opinion, that the belief of a plurality of superiour beings, selfish, lustful, vindictive, and capricious, as the heathen deities are commonly represented, is so natural and probable, that it is either the true account of the system of the Universe, or at least takes place in some other inhabited planets. He might have asserted, with more justice, that when men had lost the knowledge of the true GOD, they feigned deities as like themselves as possible, under whose protection they hoped that they might gratify their passions with impunity.

Notwithstanding all the ancient authours that remain, it is scarcely possible, to determine what degree of belief was generally given to the Grecian Mythology. They had their infidels, no doubt, as we have now; though it is probable, that the vulgar of all ranks believed the fables without scruple. As to men of knowledge and philosophy, it is impossible to determine what was their opinion. Cicero and Plato, in different parts of their works, appear sometimes to believe, and sometimes to disbelieve the popular system.

The young man in Terence, who defends his lewdness by the example of Jupiter, and sundry passages in the Poems of Ovid, sufficiently evince, that the belief of the immorality of the heathen deities had its weight, in corrupting the morals of their worshippers. Longinus observed, that Homer had represented his heroes as gods, and his gods as men. It was not till after the appearance of the Christian Religion, that the stoick philosophers began to allegorize the scandalous history of their deities, though the use of their names to signify those parts of Nature over which they were supposed to preside, is to be found in authours before that period.

But as we are concerned with Mythology, at present, in a critical, rather than a moral view, we shall consider only its effects on poetical compositions, and the advantages which the heathen poetry derived from it. The warm imagination of the Orientals could not bear the labour of philosophising; nor ever thought of inquiring after truth, in the way of reasoning. They chose to rely on their imagination, rather than to use their reason. Too brisk to explore the chain of second causes, and ascend, by steps, to a first one, they pushed to a conclusion, and imagined a number of first causes, according to their own conceit, and as much resembling themselves as possible. Unable to conceive a Being who pervaded and ruled all nature, they imagined a number of subordinate deities, among whom they parcelled out the Government of the World as they thought fit. According to them, all Nature was alive, and peopled with imaginary deities of different kinds, each holding their several departments under the control of a supreme ruler. The belief of these produces a wonderful effect in poetry, and seems to give life and animation to every part of nature. The skill of the Grecian painters and statuaries, and the elegance of their works, which were everywhere to be seen, appear to have confirmed the belief of the popular religion. These artists rendered the conceptions of the Poets visible to all, and taught the vulgar to form more distinct notions of their deities, and the several attributes ascribed to them by the Poets, who were, in some sort, the Prophets or Divines of those ages. The success of the artists, in rendering the objects of their worship visible, produced not only more distinct notions, but an additional attachment to the religion of their country. The policy of the Roman Church has in like manner borrowed the aid of images, to attach the ignorant to their religion, with astonishing success.

But whatever superstition was occasioned by the Heathen Mythology, it seems to have had a considerable effect in elevating the conceptions of their writers, especially of their poets. They imagined that they had correspondence and communication with their deities, and that the excellences of their composition were derived from their inspiration. Their hymns and addresses to them contain many just thoughts and devout sentiments, expressive of the dependence of of mankind on a superiour Being, though tainted in many places by the popular and traditionary superstition of their times. Their fictions have been celebrated by many ages, and adopted by all succeeding poets.

If it is asked what use these fictions can serve in our times, we answer, that besides enlarging and diversifying our ideas, they introduce us to the knowledge of human nature, and exhibit to us its wonderful power of deifying its own vices and weaknesses, and consoling its own corruption, by a fancied resemblance to superiour beings. For it was out of the human character, exalted by fiction, that the false gods of Paganism were formed, which occasioned the observation of Longinus, that Homer had made his men gods, and his gods men. Quintilian piously laments this licentiousness of fiction.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

CURSORY SKETCHES

IN PENNSYLVANIA AND THE BORDERS OF MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA.

To —— at Coldenham, New-York.

(Continued from page 389.)

From the wilds of Virginia, an intuitive glance pervades the peaceful retreats at *Coldenham*, thy heart, dear S—, appreciates its value, and the sigh which escaped, at the moment of tender recognition, throws a magical illusion over time and space. My pen is now pointed over rough and tedious roads: recent showers rendered travelling extremely disagreeable. At midday we reached Williamsport, where the Conogogeague glides serenely into the Potomack, but the latter is here a placid object, compared with the dashing course of the waters at Harper's ferry; yet so interesting are rivers, (whether winding gently, or rushing with rude impetuosity over rocks, and through obstructed channels), their effect is always calculated to sooth or to enliven. In the undulating waves of Potomack, I bathed my hands in memento of our return to Maryland. The sky was unclouded, the air invigorating, red and white roses seemed to vie with each other, in luxuriant bloom and balmy sweetness. The country was so profusely embellished with this unequalled flower (that through the *land of roses*), we passed delighted to Hagerstown. Its aspect was so pleasant, that we determined to allow ourselves a few days repose, and were stationary so long as to admit a survey of character. At every resting place we met Physicians. If we opened a book, its title page was emblazoned with M. D. We were asked with surprise, why we travelled southward in pursuit of health, when the *infallibility of a foreigner*, in Philadelphia granted those blessings *gratis*, which we were seeking with expense and weariness. Conversation at our lodgings was varied and pleasing, and though the Esculapean tribe were everywhere so numerous, as to induce an inference that the Science of Medicine was a predominant passion in America, Tissot and Boerhaave now gave place to Burns and Cowper, and to the *College of Physicians* succeeded a judicial character, whose polite address, and full-toned flexible voice, immediately attracted attention. Those who know the heart of a stranger, can easily imagine with what interest those courtesies are reciprocated, which obtain a passport to the understanding, though the medium of polished manners. On the map of the mind we retraced our tour, social ease diffused a charm over Geographical research. With udge B—, we marked the aspiring mountain and the fertile valley, timidly trod upon the precipice, measured the cliffs, and projections of the rocks, and in the wild magnificence of nature, heard the winds murmur, and the waters roar. An extremely humid atmosphere detained us at Hagerstown several days. Impatient to pursue our journey, we proposed recommencing it on the morning of the sabbath: some difference of opinion existed, respecting this trespass, and at breakfast we submitted a case of concience to B. whom we prayed to become our advocate and judge; assuring him, that if we had been Roman Catholicks and he our confessor, he would have been perfectly safe, in granting us absolution, On the part of the *prosecution*, it was urged that the ladies were committing a double trespass, a breach of the law, which interdicts Sunday riding, and as they had freely censured this infringement at Fredericktown, by *their own verdict*, they were now condemned. Our creed was simply stated: "All places which the eye of heaven visits," might be rendered favourable to devotion, if its vital spirit animated the heart, and whether at Hagerstown, or Green-Castle, mental oblations would ascend with equal purity and fervour, to him by whom the Sabbath was ordained.—The Comptroller General of our party, adverted to the circumstance of the waggoners, at F——, who were probably slaves, and amenable to their employers; whilst in the present in-

stance, the act was voluntary perhaps, not expedient, and certainly not necessary, but the plea of *anxiety* was warmly urged in defence of the ladies, with enlightened policy those duties were inculcated, which the Law and the Gospel enjoin, *civilian grace*, shielded the defendant, gently scanned the trespass and transferred the offence to him, who by *original* transgression became responsible for feminine high crimes and misdemeanors. After some pleasantries interchanged, and mutual valedictions, we rode pensively, to dine at Green Castle. A numerous congregation were assembled at Church, the breeze was hushed, all rural sounds suspended, nature seemed solemnized, and in sympathy with outward objects, we pursued our tranquil course to Chambersburgh. Kindness and civility was again displayed in Pennsylvania, but society, conversation and manners were totally transposed, the colouring varied, and we were half inclined to believe that we felt the *trade winds*, blowing uniformly from one point of the compass, though our charts had not *precisely* stated that inland situations were accessible to the monsoon. There is some pleasant scenery in this vicinity, and in the town many commodious houses ; it was every where neat, and the inhabitants looked respectable ; but we could not regret leaving it and giving wings to our flight to Shippensburgh ; here we were sensible that we approached towards *home*, and in proportion as its distance lessened, our impatience increased. We were told that the court was in session at Carlisle, and after enjoying comfortable accommodations so long, it was necessary to arm ourselves against the inconveniences of a crowded inn The publick buildings at Carlisle, the air of mingled gayety and business, the resort of strangers on judicial appointments, combined to render our entrance agreeable To the politeness of a young gentleman of the law, we were indebted for the only chamber that the house afforded; we slept, but were not refreshed. Travellers, in America are, probably, more susceptible of the vicissitudes in our climate than any other class of people. At home, a changing sky seldom interrupted our pleasures: but now, a clear atmosphere was peculiarly charming and as clouds and rain presented a gloomy contrast, their recurrence seemed more than usually frequent.

The first Summer month was far advanced, wet, chilling days rendered fires necessary, in some part of our southern tour. Strawberries and peas were offered as rarities, several weeks after their appearance in Philadelphia. This day's excursion would have passed without a remark, if the rapid motion of our carriage had not been suddenly arrested, by its axle-tree breaking on a rough descent. It rained ; we were two miles from our destined port, our experienced guide assumed a gay air, and tried to amuse us with tales of camps and martial exploits. On the *western expedition* he had rested with the cavalry in a barn which he pointed out, with far greater ease than we endured a temporary delay on the road. Our coachman was despatched in search of implements to repair the accident, and as muscular exertion was more useful than mechanical genius, by lashing a rail to the axle, we were enabled to proceed, at a slow pace, to the Susquehanna. Crossing the ferry, Harrisburgh appears in view, extending to the river's verge. At Berryhill's inn, we were conveniently accommodated and received polite attention, during our short sojourn. *Here* the Library bell rang, to indicate the literary tourist that he might read ; and to announce the hour, at which books were to be replaced. A sound, very soothing and sweet, touched the chord of musing melancholy : Doves were plaintively cooing, throughout the day. Our vicinity to the water and the dampness of the air explained this musical phenomena, for such it seemed, to those who had heard a solitary dove note, but never before, had listened to those mingled melodies. General P— whom we had met at Lancaster, was returning with his invalid lady to Centre County ; natives of the western world, their views of life were sketched amid profound oli-

tudes, and thence diverging from rude barbarity, to the pleasures of social intercourse. His gigantick figure and mild address appeared to discriminate his civil and military character; in the former, his sensibility had been excited in a singular manner. Some of the numerous ills, incident to humanity, had so depressed the mind of a young person in his neighbourhood, as to occasion a derangement of intellect: She was a mother, and the safety of her infant required that it should be placed under the superintendence of those, by whom maternal duties would be kindly supplied. This separation was a keen addition to her mental malady; she eluded the watchfulness of her friends and wandered in search of the civil officer, by whose authority she was told at lucid intervals the child was provided for. General—was riding out; in the gloomy obscurity of the forest, her pale figure suddenly met his view. Roused to an uncontrolable height of frenzy, she seized the bridle and threw herself at his feet; the horse thus checked, was thrown with his rider into the greatest consternation. Disregarding the danger of her prostrate attitude, with earnest supplication she demanded her child. It was in vain, that she was soothed and assured of kindness and protection, no effort could resist her strong grasp, in an agony she urged him, as he hoped for happiness to restore her loss, nor was it possible to disengage himself, until a promise was extorted that he was at *that moment*, on his way to obtain redress for her injuries. This affecting occurrence was detailed with so much simplicity and tender interest, as to place the narrator in an amiable light; we, who mutely heard the tale of wo, were impressed with heartfelt gratitude to Him, who holds in his hand the balance of the understanding, and has power to preserve or destroy its equilibrium. On leaving Harrisburg, we passed through embowering shades of willows, whose drooping foliage interposed between us and the surrounding country. At an unexpected angle in the road, the Susquehanna suddenly breaks upon the view, extending a smooth expanse of water, now darkly shadowed, and again glittering with sunbeams. Nothing can be more picturesque than the landscape, as the river winds along its green margin, changing its scenery into such multiplied rural forms, that the eye and the mind expatiate through regions of romantick beauty and rich fertility. Perched on a lofty situation dimly discernable to common opticks, we marked a solitary habitation in the vicinage of Middletown, and as the poet's glance sometimes reverts from "*heaven to earth*," my dear S——, will not be disappointed, that after all those sublime contemplations, *ours* rested with complacency, on the fanciful design of a patch-work bed cover, which presented itself in the chamber where we enjoyed the blessings of "balmy sleep." The Swetara's wide, impetuous stream sweeps the foot of the hill immediately as you part from Middletown; we inhaled the morning air, as our carriage wheels divided the waves, and as our career has been so rapid and our route circuitous, I must take breath, before we cross the Conawaga mountain.

Adieu.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

For The Port Folio.

THE USEFUL ARTS.

Method of destroying insects which infest houses, from a letter to Mr. W. Nicholson. Phil. Journ. No. 71.

Mr. N.'s correspondent, after mentioning the great annoyance he suffered from bugs, in a house, which he had taken after a gentleman remarkable for his inattention to their removal, states, that he in vain tried the remedies of washing the joints of the bedsteads, taken asunder for that purpose, with boiling water, and then in a hot decoction of *cucumis colocynthin*, or bitter apple; as in six weeks, the bugs were as numerous as before: they were then washed with spirits of turpentine, with no better success,

and even a strong solution of oxymuriate of quicksilver was used for the same purpose, without removing the evil.

In the next spring, he had all loose paper taken from the rooms, the skirting boards removed, and the rooms fumigated with oxymuriatick gas: the walls, which were papered, were then painted.

The joints of the bedsteads were then painted with three coats of oxyde of lead, mixed with linseed oil, and a little rosin, to form a thick coat over the wood.

This method of proceeding so effectually answered the purpose, that, except a few, which were found in parts where the paint was abraded, and one or two sometimes found on the furniture, the bedsteads continued free from these insects, for two years; and remained so since, with no further precaution but painting the joints every second year with a thin coat of white lead.

—

The remedy mentioned for the nauseous evil complained of, though not new, deserves circulation, as many may not yet have heard of it. Another remedy was, a few years ago, published for the same ill, as extremely effectual; the name of the authour of which is not recollected; it consists of a strong infusion of cantharides, applied to the joints of bedsteads, and other places infested: as this might be apt to evaporate, perhaps a preparation of the cantharides in oil, similar to that called by the farriers blistering oil, might be found more effectual.

Glauber mentions, in his works, the efficacy of oil drawn from sea coal, in destroying insects in general; it perhaps might have good effects in the particular application which is the subject of this paper: but the most certain precaution against these insects, as well as against the more serious evil of the communication of infection, is the use of iron bedsteads, which are already common in hospitals, and other publick institutions; and though the coarseness of the appearance there might excite a prejudice against their use in elegant houses, yet this objection is easily removed by the consideration, that iron admits of more varied and beautiful forms for any utensil than wood, and that, independently of this, the varied ornaments, which painting and gilding afford, might render iron bedsteads superiour in beauty to any wooden bedsteads now in use.

—

Description of Mr. Lloyd's Patent Boiler, for quick boiling and saving of fuel.

The bottom of each of Mr. Lloyd's boilers is introverted, so as to form a cavity which would nearly hold as much as the boiler itself, if it were reversed; the sides of this cavity are somewhat conoidal, and from the top a pipe passes out at one side through the cavity of the boiler to the air; the whole boiler or kettle is surrounded by an external case a little distant from it all round, closed at top, and having a small opening at the side to give vent to the smoke. The small pipe adds somewhat to the effect, but is not absolutely necessary. For large boilers, the cavity at the bottom need not be so large in proportion as that described, if it rises into the boiler a third of its depth it will probaby be sufficient. The flame and radiant heat of the fuel is reverberated in all directions in the cavity of the hollow bottom, and must have much more effect than what can be produced by its unconfined lateral action against the extreme sides of a number of upright pipes, however well arranged.* Indeed Count Rumford has shown in former papers the value of the lateral action of fire against the sides to be so small, that we are surprised to see him recommend his apparatus, in which the chief effect produced must arise solely from a similar lateral action of the fire.

* This alludes to a similar experiment of Count Rumford's. He has invented a new boiler and presented it to the National Institute.

On the separation of saline matter, and sebacick acid from the butter commonly called firkin, or keg butter; thereby rendering it equal in point of goodness to fresh.

(*Concluded from page* 392.)

Having shown the first method, we shall proceed, in the next place, to the means of effecting it by Charcoal.

Mr. Lomitz, an ingenious European chymist, has lately discovered, that oxyde of carbon or charcoal possesses the desideratum of counteracting rancidity; no doubt, it prevents the process of rancidity from taking place, by carrying off the oxygen (for which it has a great affinity) in the state of carbonick acid gas; but when the subject has contracted rancidity, I presume it must act by decomposing the sebacick acid itself, and reducing it to its radical or base, which is principally composed of carbon and hydrogen; and, consequently, from this data it must happen, that, as the acid is decomposed, the butter must regain its original properties, which it had when first made. Others advance, as their opinion, that charcoal acts *universally*, by absorbing all fetid gases: however, it is needless to advance *hypotheses* upon this subject; but we shall state the

MODE OF USING IT.

After the separation of the salt by a former operation, we must melt it in a skillet; and then throw in several hard lumps of new made charcoal,* which must be kept in that state for a space of thirty or sixty minutes, or until the fetid smell of rancidity disappears: when this part of the process is finished, we must filter the butter, when kept fluid, through a fine linen rag, into a churn, containing boiling water: which must then be agitated occasionally, in the manner before directed, and, if it was found agreeable, some rose water may be added, to give it a flavour. Considering the many advantages of charcoal, in a variety of cases, I shall close my essay by noticing its principal applications. It is well known, that the internal surfaces of casks are frequently charred, (or converted into a coaly substance) to preserve their contents from corruption, as it is more especially the case with water casks. Wood, also, when buried in the earth, is preserved a great length of time, hence the reason of the charring of the ends of posts set in the ground to preserve them. Coal is even found naturally formed in the earth, as *stone, or fossil coal*, which is of *secondary* formation, owing to the truly igneous portion of the wood becoming charred, in Nature's Laboratory; buried by some revolution which the earth has suffered, owing to that indestructible property of coal, I have no doubt, but if the surfaces of the logs (which convey the water from the engine house to this city) were charred, that they would last for ages to come.† And, in fact, it would not only contribute to that effect, but it would render the water purer, by separating any *foul airs*, which it may have contracted. This puts me in mind of its utility, when rolled up in clothes, which have contracted a disagreeable smell, by discharging the noxious qualities which they are apt to imbibe. Being a powerful antiseptick, it greatly preserves meat, hams, &c. and acts as an excellent preservative of the teeth; hence it is used in powder as an excellent dentifrice.

Having thus gone through, elucidating the means of purifying butter by various modes, which are founded, not on vague hypothesis, but by experiment, and on chymical principles, I shall close the essay, by hoping that it may benefit the economist and the seaman, which if it does, the writer of this will be gratified.

Js. C——h.

* Common coal will answer, but it must be previously exposed to heat, by itself, to extricate moisture or bituminous matter.

† This, if I remember correctly, was the case of a certain aqueduct mentioned in history.

THE FINE ARTS.

For The Port Folio.

Under this head, whenever we describe the works of Genius abroad, we of course, avail ourselves of Foreign authorities.

A statue of Hebe, by Canova, attracts the admiration of all the connoisseurs of Rome. The bust of the goddess is naked and the rest of the body is covered with an aerial drapery. She is represented pouring out ambrosia for the gods, and the execution is of the Greek taste, in its utmost purity.

Mr. Pocock, is publishing in London, in Thirty-three plates, royal quarto, Sketches for Rustick Cottages, Rural Dwellings, and Villas; composed in the ancient English, the Grecian and Roman styles; with plans and descriptions, and critical observations on character, scenery and situation proper for such buildings.

Mr. Dearn, Architect to his Royal Highness, the Duke of Clarence, is publishing in Twenty plates, large quarto, sketches in Architecture, consisting of original designs for cottages and rural dwellings, suitable to persons of moderate fortune, and for convenient retirement, with plans and appropriate scenery to each, with general observations.

—

Mr. J. A. Atkinson, is publishing a picturesque representation of the naval, military, and miscellaneous costumes of Great Britain, in 100 coloured plates, with a descriptive essay on the subject of each engraving.

—

John Loudon, Esq. F. L. S. authour of Observations on Landscape, Gardening, and many other valuable works, connected with Rural Improvement, has published a Treatise on forming, improving, and managing country residences, and on the choice of situations appropriate to every class of purchasers. In all which the object is to unite in a better manner than has hitherto been done, a taste founded in nature with economy and utility, in constructing or improving mansions and other rural buildings, so as to combine architectural fitness with *picturesque effects*, and in forming Gardens, Orchards, Parks, Pleasure grounds, Shrubberies, all kinds of useful or decorative plantations, and every object of convenience, or beauty, peculiar to country seats, illustrated with 32 engravings.

For The Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Stablish this among them, that they should make them days of feasting, and of joy, and of sending portions one to another, and gifts to the poor."

The pastures having been clothed withflocks, and the vallies covered over with corn; the joyful earth having imbibed the rain in his due season, the first rain and the latter rain; the blessings of the upper, and the nether springs having been felt by grateful millions, from our remotest border, to the utmost bound of the everlasting hills; having eaten our bread without scarceness, and tasted the cup of exhilaration; having lived, like the privileged Sidonians, careless and secure, it now imports us to remember, with the most lively emotions, that the year is CROWNED WITH GOODNESS, and that CHRISTMAS comes, with Joyfulness, and Plenty in his train.

During these jocund holydays, so justly honoured, and so cheerfully celebrated by the Christian Church, I have always felt a serene delight, whether thinking of the decline of one year, or the birth of another. No dissonance destroys the harmony of my feelings, and as I walk pensively, at eventide, through the streets of the city, and listen to the vesper bell of the Chapel, or the chimes from the Church, I exclaim, with the enthusiasm of Horace, exulting on the natal day of Cæsar,

Hic dies vere mihi festus.

I rejoice to hearken to the *high sounding cymbals*, and to listen to the voice of praise, accompanied by the psaltery, and the harp, by stringed instruments and ORGANS. I never liked a metaphysical and an abstract devotion; but, conscious, that Imagination, as well as Reason, is a part of our nature, strive that the heart should be warmed by gorgeous ceremonial, as well as the head be edified by sacred lessons. The solemn chant of a cathedral service, the unspotted whiteness of Episcopal lawn, even the array of an altar, and the *peal of an anthem*, create the most salutary associations. When I cast my eye upon the vivid evergreen, that decks the Church at this festal season; when I see many happy and benevolent faces, lightening up before me; when I listen, with rapture, to the organist, and behold a carolling Christmas, with blended dignity and gayety in his air, I am naturally led to reflect that Christianity is a cheerful religion. I pity those unhappy Puritans, who, at a season of singular folly and phrenzy, metamorphosed our comfortable faith, into an abject superstition. For Mahometanism itself is not more repug-

nant to the genius of Christianity, than austere penance, whining tones, and a sad countenance. In all the Gospels, in the Acts of the Apostles, and in all their Epistles, in the Revelation on the Island of Patmos, and, in short, in every part of the Christian Code, it is a memorable circumstance, that cheerfulness is constantly enjoined upon men, and gloom and hypocrisy as constantly decried. By that eminent Personage, whose birth we now celebrate, no stress is laid upon rigorous fasting. But gayety is positively enjoined, even on days of abstinence. He mingled freely with men of the world. He came eating and drinking. At the nuptial rites at Cana, wine is miraculously given, to gladden the feast; and the *fanatick* Pharisee, and the masked hypocrite are constantly admonished, that long prayers, and vain repetitions, and disfigured faces, and the sounding of trumpets, by which, probably, *a nasal twang* was meant, constitute no portion of vital piety. On the contrary, the very reverse is most emphatically enjoined. *Be of good cheer*, is the general salutation. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad. Rejoice evermore, and again I say rejoice; fulfil my joy. Be of good comfort. Use hospitality one to another, without grudging. Gird up the loins of your mind, these are the cheery precepts of primitive Christians, who are of higher authority than John Pym, or Praise God Barebones, or Oliver Cromwell, although these stupid schismaticks, ridiculously called themselves a *Gospel preaching Ministry*. "I determined," says the intrepid Paul, "that I would not come to you *in heaviness*, and my joy is the joy of all." Innumerable passages of this nature demonstrate, that sorrow, anxiety, doleful cant, and woful visages are wretched substitutes for the lovely cheerfulness of a rational faith. Paul and Peter, and James, and John were no ghostly teachers, like those, which Mr HUME so justly as well as contemptuously describes. Their metaphors, as well as many in the four Gospels, are drawn not from the conventicles of Cant, and the black forest of Hypocrisy, but from the cheerful haunts of men, from the gayety of banquets, and acts of benevolence and sociableness.

Mirth, in moderation, kind affections, social principles, the union of Hope with Joy, and essential Charity towards all, ESPECIALLY UNTO THEM WHICH ARE OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH, are the lessons of Christianity and the Church.

Let us, therefore, with alacrity and gladness, celebrate the high festival, which gives its name to these the fairest days in the Calendar. Let our faces be laved with the sweetest waters of Purification, and all our garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia. Let those, who are called a Royal Priesthood, and a peculiar people, be "anointed with the oil of gladness, *above their fellows*." As our increase has not been given to the caterpillar, nor our labour unto the locust; as our vines have not been destroyed with hail, nor our sycamore trees with frost; as we have successfully cultivated a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths, that spring out of vallies, and hills; a land of honey, barley, and wheat, we ought not, when we have eaten, and are full, to forget those, whom Sickness, or Age, or Penury has numbered on its dismal tablet. But let the fervour of ardent Charity warm every good heart, and extend every liberal hand. Let each individual, whom it imports, obey that excellent exhortation, which, though it occur in the Apocrypha, is perfectly canonical in the estimation of many a generous critick. If thou have abundance, give alms accordingly; if thou have but little, be not afraid to give according to that little, for thou layest up a good treasure for thyself against the hour of necessity.

When, as good stewards, we have kindly ministered to one another, the gladsome rites of the season will claim our care. Exhilarating Musick and innocent Mirth may freely mingle with the powers of Benevolence, Gratitude, and Devotion. Every liberal Lutheran may then call for the plea-

sant harp, with the psaltery, and exultingly exclaim

Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,
And some with graceful motion dance;
Let instruments of various strings,
With ORGANS joined God's praise advance.

Let them, who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise;
Cymbals of common use, and those
That LOUDLY SOUND ON SOLEMN DAYS.

Hail, happy holydays, gayly I greet your blest return. In my pilgrimage through the obscurity of many a gloomy year, how gladly I meet your festal train, which, like the Iris of Gospel promise, after the darkness and destruction of a deluge, smile sweetly through the stormy sky, and gild every vision of Hope Ye come, all benignant, to burnish the memory of hours, that are past, and to give a gay assurance of those, which are to come. As, after a tedious absence, and a tempestuous voyage, the weather-beaten mariner exults to behold his family pictures again, and to feel the fond pressure of encircling arms, so does the cheerful Christian rejoice in the society of these twelve sisters, a holy family, as bright and fair as ever glowed in the beauteous tints of the Italian or Venetian pencil.

Delightful days, ye come, an enchanting group, with robes of *lawney whiteness*, and each a face of benignity, *as it were the face of an angel.* "Verdant myrtle's branchy pride" is the coronet of each brow. Charity and Cheerfulness, Mirth and Musick, Gratitude and Generosity are in your train. At your gladsome approach, sullen Care vanishes, like the mist of midnight, and Festivity carols with a note. more jocund than the bird of midsummer.

O happy days! to hail thy wished return,
Nor vulgar fire, nor venal light shall burn;
From gentle bosoms purest flames shall rise,
And keenest ardours flash from Beauty's eyes.

Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep, to labourers faint with pain,
Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as your sight to me.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

—

A gentleman speaking of the *Carmen Seculare* of Horace, in company where a learned alderman was present, his worship gravely observed, that, "in the line of his business, he had frequently employed men from every company of porters and carmen between Tower-hill and the Old-Swan, and he would be bold to say, that there was no such company as the Carmen Seculare from one end of Thame-street to the other."

—

Goldsmith, amid the studied periods of a dedication, a form of composition which Pomp, and Dignity, and Stateliness, challenge as their own, displays all his enchanting ease of composition, in his dedication of "The Traveller."

Of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Musick come in for a share As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and, at length, supplant her; they engross all that favour once shown to her, and though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright.

Yet however this art may be neglected, by the powerful, it is still in great danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindarick odes and chorusses, anapests, iambicks, alliterative care, and happy negligence.

Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for errour is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art, still more dangerous. I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger, that seldom desists from pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a prudent one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires: his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all.

In his dedication to Sir Joshua Reynolds—

I can have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of the art, in which you are said to excel, and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry, than you.

In his dedication to Saml. Johnson.

By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you, as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the publick that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind, also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

The last stanza in the following verses by one of the greatest poets of the age is exceedingly pathetick.

THE DYING BARD.

By Walter Scott, Esq.

Dinas Emlinn, lament; for the moment is nigh
When mute in the woodlands thine echo shall die:
No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade,
Unhonoured shall flourish, unhonoured shall fade:
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue
That viewed them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

And oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair;
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die.

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy loved scene,
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been:
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the old,
And sage Taliessin, high harping so bold.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades,
Unconquered thy warriours and matchless thy maids!
And thou, whose faint warbling my weakness can tell,
Farewell; my loved harp, my last treasure, farewell!

—

Smoking is in itself not reprehensible, and to some, may be beneficial—but let it be consistent with person, time, and place. By the family fireside, in the hour of relaxation, in the social circle of *men*, by those, who

may claim the respectable privilege of age—*anywhere*, provided, in all cases, that the practice be not offensive to any present.

For myself, I am no enemy to smoking, as an innocent indulgence; and in a company of my friends, when çigarrs are introduced, I aid in raising the blue cloud, and find it very useful in telling a story by way of *punctuation*, or in marking the proper pauses, thus, a single *puff* serves for a *comma*—*puff, puff*, a *semicolon*; *puff, puff, puff*, a *colon*; *four puffs*, a *full point*. I have even gone farther: I suppose a pause, with the çigarr kept in the mouth, to represent a *dash*—longer or shorter in continuance: *notes of admiration* and *interrogation*, may be easily expressed on similar principles.

Taking the çigarr from the mouth, and knocking the fire from the end, may be considered as the conclusion of a *paragraph*; and throwing it into the fire, is necessarily the *end of a Chapter*.—*N. Post.*

—

In the Senate of the United States five members, nearly one sixth part, are gentlemen of the name of *Smith*. This circumstance induced a facetious Philadelphian to observe, that in future, instead of asking what is on the *tapis*, we must inquire, what is on the *anvil*.

—

The following sneer at the *Babylonish dialect* of some of our countrymen occurs in Boswell's Life of Johnson.

The present Earl of Marchmont told me, with great good humour, that the master of a shop in London, where he was not known, said to him, "I suppose, sir, you are an American." "Why so, sir?" said his Lordship; "Because, sir," replied the shopkeeper, "*you speak neither English nor Scotch*, but *something different from both*, which I conclude is the *language of America*.

—

HEREFORD.—*Hoax.*—The following extraordinary circumstance took place last week in this city, in the execution of which, the depredator displayed a considerable degree of ingenuity, and every attempt to trace him has been ineffectual.—A man came to an inn in Broad street, and professed himself a dealer in smuggled tea; from his general conduct he soon acquired the good graces of the landlord, he had constantly a party of friends to breakfast, dine, and sup with him, and gave his entertainments in a dashing style. Soon after his arrival, two bags of *tea* came by the coach, for which the landlord *paid carriage*, and the gentleman wanting a pair of shoes, his good-natured host waited with him on a shoemaker, from whom they procured them, the innkeeper being responsible for the payment. At the end of about four days, when a *score* of between six and seven pounds had been run up at the inn, a purchaser was obtained for the tea, and paid the smuggler twenty pounds in part; and, by his desire, the dealer took his bargain to the house of a friend for him, being afraid of encountering the Argus eyes of the Excise at his own. After the merchant had delivered his goods, he met one of his new friends, from whom he requested the loan of a new silk kerchief he had round his neck, which was readily lent him, and he then walked off in the new shoes with it, and has not since been heard of. On opening the bags, they each contained a little fine tea on the top, the rest was sand. On the second or third day of the fellow's arrival, a watchmaker from the Hay, who partook of his convivial entertainments, became anxious he should buy a watch of him, to which his friend kindly acceded, on condition that he should wear it a few days, in order to ascertain how it would *go*, previous to payment: it is almost superfluous for us to state, the watch went with him.

—

FROM THE PASTIME.

We copy the following from a paper in Gen. Hamilton's hand writing. It is published in its original form.

Translation from Collectanea.

It is an errour as great as it is common, to rely on *situation* as a *screen* to

vice. Men are apt to say to themselves —in this case we may indulge our criminal propensity because the peculiarity of our situation will exclude suspicion. But situation is very often an index rather than a mask. A state of things, different from what a particular situation would dictate, will, in spite of the greatest circumspection, occasionally exhibit appearances which are incompatible with the situation; converting it into a mirrour to reflect the crime, rather than a mantle by which it is disguised. Thus the false *Mævius*, under the cover of exaggerated pretensions of friendship to the unsuspecting *Philo*, seeks to conceal the intrigue he meditates with *Livia*; but the frequency of his visits to the wife, in the absence of the husband, discovers that his attachment is more to *Philo's* wife than to *Philo*. Thus also the incestuous *Rheta*, writing to her son *Clytus*, prompted on the one hand by her reliance on the shelter of situation, restrained on the other by the involuntary fears of conscious guilt, betrays her odious passion by the half indulged, half suppressed ardour of her expressions, and by the mysterious ambiguity of her phrase. Who can help seeing that she does not employ the temperate, the simple language of maternal affection? Who is so dull as not to perceive the lewd blandishments of the mistress in the chaste garb of the mother? Better had it been for all of them had they been acquainted with this salutary, this eternal truth, *That to appear to be what we desire to seem, it is necessary to be what we would appear.*

—

It may be made a question, whether a period of pure simplicity and innocence ever existed? Seneca expatiates in praise of those times (epist. xc.) and the poets have been lavish in their description of the golden age: but the history of mankind has no proofs of the fact. An ingenious writer says, "The first man who was born into the world killed the second —when did the times of simplicity begin?"

Murphy's Tacitus.

The vulgar opinions respecting the time of continuing in the warm bath, are extremely absurd, and are fully refuted by the practice of the French physicians, and the theory of Count Rumford. But it is remarkable, that though the practice of continuing a long time in tepid water is supposed to be a novelty and an innovation, yet it is by no means so. Jones, a physician of eminence, in the fifteenth century, in his book, with the quaint title of "*The bathes of Bathe's ayde, wonderful and most excellent against very many sicknesses*," says expressly, that persons of a hot temperament, weak and thin, should stay in the bath from five to six, in the morning, and the same in the evening. Others are directed to remain *two hours* in the morning, and *an hour and a half* in the evening. Thus we see that even the old physicians recommended not only a long continuance in the water, but a repetition of the practice, *on the same day*. That this doctrine is perfectly sane and judicious, is verified at his hour, by the practice of every Parisian, who frequents the Thermæ of this city. The reasoning of Count Rumford, on this subject, is invincible, and the experience of every bather, who is exhausted, either by corporeal or mental fatigue, demonstrates, that it is remaining too short a time in the the tub, or using water *too* hot, which defeats the intention.

—

Some of the votaries of Tobacco, perhaps, would be willing to be tormented with a toothach, provided a physician like the famous Butler were to prescribe. A person once applied to this medical humourist, who was annoyed by a violent defluxion on his teeth. Butler told him that "a hard knot must be split by a hard wedge;" and directed him to smoke tobacco, without intermission, till he had consumed an ounce of the herb. The man was accustomed to smoke: he therefore took *twenty-five pipes at a sitting*. The story adds, that the disorder was cured, and did not return for seventeen years.

To a lady who wished the authour a good night.

Dear Nancy, why wish me good night?—as I live,
It is needless to wish what you freely can give.

—

The stinging things of Mr. Jefferson.

AN EPIGRAM.

Tom some time since, sent a *hornet* to *Boney*,
Who found it a *bee*, well loaded with *honey*;
He now sends a *wasp*, with a *sting* in her tail,
To goad the *old lion* in hopes to prevail;
But should they refuse him, on any pretext,
He swears he will send out the *rattlesnake* next.

—

A distressing event, which to one kind of temper would be nothing more than a flea biting, will to another cause intolerable pain; and what one, by philosophick moderation, and well-composed carriage, is happily enabled to overcome, a second, especially if in habits of solitude, is, unfortunately, in no way enabled to endure; but upon every petty occasion of misconceived abuse, injury, grief, disgrace, or other vexation, yields so far to his wounded feelings, that his complexion alters, his digestion is impeded, his sleep interrupted, his spirits subdued, his heart oppressed, and his whole frame so affected, that he sinks, overwhelmed with profound despair. As a man, when he is once imprisoned for debt, finds that every creditor immediately brings his action against him, and joins to keep him in ruinous captivity, so when any discontent seriously seizes the human mind, all other perturbations instantly set upon it, and then, like a lame dog, or a broken winged goose, the unhappy patient droops and pines away, and is brought at last to the ill habit or malady of melancholy itself.

The Editor salutes the supporters of this paper, with every grateful and cheery compliment of the season. Those agents for The Port Folio, who are sedulous to promote the interests of the establishment, the great body of the Lawyers, the men of letters, the stanch Politicians, and the Clergy, and Gentry in particular, are very cordially thanked for augmenting patronage. The Editor, with the utmost respect and delicacy for the feelings of every individual, who may be implicated, will only suggest that, at this juncture, an adjustment of arrearages and some promptness of remittance will enable him to bound forward in the literary race, with more velocity, than when he is clogged with care.

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Published for the Editor, at the N. East corner of Second in Dock-Street, Philadelphia

PRINTED BY SMITH & MAXWELL, NO. 28, NORTH SECOND-STREET.